

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK. DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

**"Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Clean Your
Sluggish Liver Better Than Calomel
and Can Not Salivate.**

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver, and it salivates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious; feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your head-ache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; not of energy, vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you get your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist about me.

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY, READ THIS.

In an article in "The Family Money" department of the November American Magazine, a writer says:

"When an old uncle of mine died and left me a little bequest of \$545, my first impulse was to 'even it off,' and if it hadn't been for an old friend of my father's I think I would have succeeded in neatly paring it down to zero.

"What were you thinking of doing with that money?" he asked casually one day.

"Well," I replied, "I think I'll just take that \$45 and go for a little lake trip, and then I'll have \$500 to put in the bank."

"Why \$500?" he said. "Why not \$545?"

"Oh," I replied, "you might as well have an even amount."

"Do you suppose you could spare me five dollars?" he asked suddenly.

"Why yes," I replied, a little surprised that he should ask to borrow money of me; but I handed it to him.

"All right, then," he said; "here's five dollars—handing me back that same bill."

"If you just put this with that \$545 you'll have \$550, and that's a nice even amount. Now, if you'll put that in the bank, in three months it will have earned five-fifty more, and surely in the meantime you can scrape together \$44.50, and then you'll have an even \$600 instead of \$500."

"Well, what could I do with \$600?"

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLE ONE DOSE WILL CONVINCE

Gall Stones, Cancer and Ulcers of the Stomach and Intestines, Auto-Intoxication, Yellow Jaundice, Appendicitis and other fatal ailments result from Stomach Trouble. Thousands of Stomach Sufferers owe their complete recovery to Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. Unlike any other for Stomach Ailments. For sale by W. H. Justus and druggists everywhere.

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FORCE IN THE COMMUNITY

Man With the "Talent for Silence"
Generally Recognized for Strong
Personage He Is.

There is a "gift of gab" and there is a "talent for silence." Everybody classifies somewhere under four headings: Those who say nothing because they have nothing to say; those who have nothing to say, but say it; those who have something to say, and say it, and those who say nothing in spite of having something to say. The last named are rare, says a writer in the Boston Globe. It behooves those who have the "gift of gab" to strive for the "talent for silence," and those who have the "talent for silence" to try to acquire some "gift of gab."

But better a thousand gabblers than the silence of one cold, cunning man who encouraged ardent and generous people to do all the talking in order that he may conceal his cards while they show theirs. That silence is common among men whom authority and wealth have made crafty.

Character speaks a language of its own. The silent man does not need to speak in order to make himself heard. We "sense" his opinions and dread his silent disapproval more than open reproaches.

The man who can bear complaints without complaining; who can take an earful of insult without retorting; who can endure misjudgment without a fit of the sulks—the man who keeps his mouth shut and saws wood—he is such a force in the community as he little dreams of being. It is not anything that he does; it is what he is.

NOTHING LOST BY COURTESY

May at Times Seem a Small Thing,
But It Has the Power of Accomplishing Much.

Courtesy is like oil upon troubled waters. There is an inevitable amount of friction in everyday life. Courtesy reduces this friction to a minimum. The happy outcome of a day's work may easily be determined by a cheery "Good morning" at its beginning. A knitted brow and a grudging greeting may be harbingers of failure in the day's work.

In the elevator, at the telephone, at the bench and in the office—at every point of contact between man and man—a little thought for the feelings of others is a pleasant lubricant in the joints of life. It reduces the jar of the human machinery, promotes good feeling, adds to the world's stock of self-respect.

It is better to request than to command, better to smile than to frown, better to help than to hinder even in the smallest things. A courteous man and a courteous woman furnish the salt that makes life palatable to the soul.

Our common allotment of happiness, of contentment, of the joy of living is all too small. By robbing those about us of their share we rob ourselves in the long run. Let us add to that share instead of detract from it. Let us respect scrupulously the small rights of others; regard for the big rights will then become a matter of habit.

The Oldest of Trees.

As to the ages of trees, it is not the oak which is, as Dryden, or another, has it, the "patriarch." The oldest trees on earth are the tremendous conifers standing in one of the Californian valleys. Older than Abraham, they have rolled around with the world, alive, for many more centuries than any mere oak; and not long ago one of them fell. There he lies, and you climb his side by a ladder. And the rest—or many of them—are in their last few centuries, as is evident from their dwindling tops.

That is what surprises the tourist—that having lived through human history they are now dying. They are now cared for, if things so strange and so august can be said to owe anything to man's care; but man for hundreds of decades gave them hard usage; their hollows are black with the fires lighted within by Indian nations long vanished.—London Chronicle.

Shakespeare's Mixed "Population."

It is impossible to overestimate the influence on the view of government with which Shakespeare, without Puritanism, invigorated the Anglo-Saxon mind both in England and America in the direction of at least freest investigation of ecclesiastical principles and methods. American world-wideness, cosmopolitanism, or, if you please, that hospitality to all interests from anywhere and everywhere, which is characteristic of the United States, has its own method glorified in Shakespeare's intellectual procedure. Shakespeare's population is as mixed as our own. He had the American manner, with a myriad-minded past, and the more varied and variable present.—"Shakespeare and the American Spirit," Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, in National Magazine.

Practice Loving.

Practice loving everyone you meet, being ready with a kind word or a gentle act. Try it for three days, and measure the joy of those three days, and you will never be willing to give up the habit altogether. I do not mean that we can easily attain to love of all humanity. No immortal garland is to be won without the dust and heat of battle. But what one practices daily, hourly, becomes easier and easier.—Louise Collier Wilcox.

NOT ALL DUE TO HEREDITY

Experience of Physician That Caused
Him to Revise His Opinion of
Case He Was Attending.

Heredity is a great force, one of the greatest in the world. But it is possible to overlook even heredity, and some zealous doctors, legislators and social reformers are doing it, asserts the Chicago Journal. As a sample of the pitfalls into which they tumble, consider this true story.

A doctor, who is also one of the ablest psychologists in the United States, had for a patient a young woman of extreme, morbid nervousness. Her mother showed precisely similar traits, and a little investigation revealed the fact that the grandmother was as irritable and excitable as any of her descendants. It looked like a clear case of heredity, but the doctor was cautious. He inquired a little farther—and then threw away his notes.

The young woman, her mother and her grandmother were all excessive users of coffee; regular coffee toppers. They absorbed enough of this delightful drink every day to put an edge on the nerves of an athlete. Their nervousness was not an inheritance, but the result of an unconscious drug habit.

If legislatures were as careful as the doctor-psychologist in this story, there would be fewer fool laws on our statute books.

FISH LINES OF GREAT LENGTH

Many of Those Employed in Fishing
for Halibut Declared to Be
Sixty Miles Long.

The most of the halibut are caught with the hook and line. The fishing, however, has nothing gamy or sporting about it. The lines are dropped down into the sea in such a way that the baited hooks rest on the bed of the ocean. The lines are of great length. Some of them are 60 miles long; when loaded with fish it takes the steam engine on the vessel the better part of a day to wind them up. They are divided into sections, each section having a float or buoy that rests on the surface, and is marked by a flag in the daytime and at night by a light. The line lies right on the bed of the sea. Attached to it are hundreds of hooks and each hook is baited. The halibut swallows the bait and is caught on the hook and held there until the line is drawn up. These fish always feed on or close to the bed of the ocean.—Christian Herald.

Wedding "Fans."

There are some people who attend weddings with just as much enthusiasm as a baseball or tennis fan, whether they are invited or not, and seemingly enjoy the excitement of the moment and the attendant fuss and feathers. There are said to be funeral fans, too; people who attend funerals merely out of morbid curiosity. Of course, the wedding fans are most in evidence at the big town weddings, which mark the alliance between two prominent and wealthy families, or the marriage of an American heiress to a penniless duke. They are mostly women, and they attend regularly all of the smart weddings. If they cannot edge their way past the sexton who takes the invitation cards, they congregate around the street awning, and are frequently of such number as to interfere with the street pedestrians. The wedding fan, in fact, has become a highly objectionable feature at all of the large churches in the social zone, especially on Fifth avenue, and extra precautions are strenuously observed in order to keep them out of the church.—New York Times.

Old Dining Club.

The oldest dining club in England—older even than "The Club"—is the Dilettanti club, founded in 1734 by Sir Francis Dashwood. Prominent among the original members was Lord Sandwich, whose name is crystallized in half a dozen languages through his ordering a waiter to place some meat between two slices of bread and bring it to him as he sat at the gaming table. Since 1784 the Dilettanti have dined together on the first Sunday of each month from February to July, inclusive, their present meeting place being the Grafton galleries, where their magnificent collection of pictures is housed.—London Chronicle.

Remembered Old Habit.

H. Gassaway Davis, once a United States senator and later candidate for vice president on the Parker ticket, was a brakeman before he became a millionaire and is said on one historic occasion, while sleeping soundly in the senate chamber, to have dreamed that he was still guiding an unruly freight car through the mountains of West Virginia. The dream was inspired by a nearby colleague, Senator Allen G. Thurman, who blew two mighty blasts on his nose. Davis thinking he had heard the freight whistle, seized his desk as if it were a brake and nearly twisted the thing from its moorings before he came to.

Protection.

A man who employed a number of boys to pick strawberries was quite anxious to protect them from mosquitoes, so he had veils made to tie down around the neck. The boys were very grateful for his kindness until they found that there were no mosquitoes in that locality, and also that they couldn't eat any berries with those veils on. The "protection" was of another sort.—Pittsburgh Press.



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